TOMB OF DRACULA
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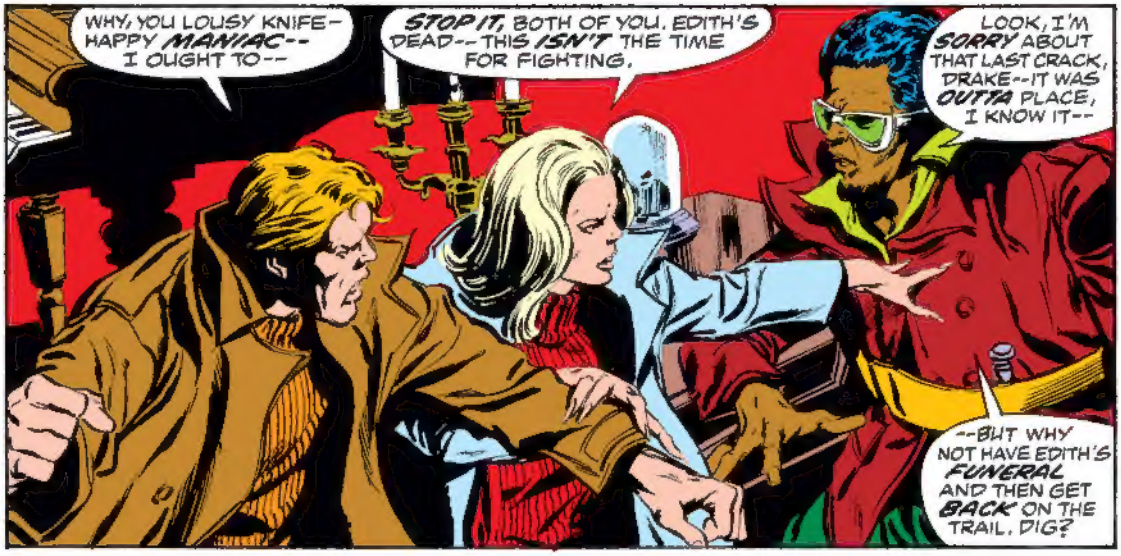
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU, DRACULA! YOU MIGHT KILL ONE OF US-- OR EVEN TWO--
--BUT YOU'LL NEVER KILL US ALL!!
DEATH OF A Vampire!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™

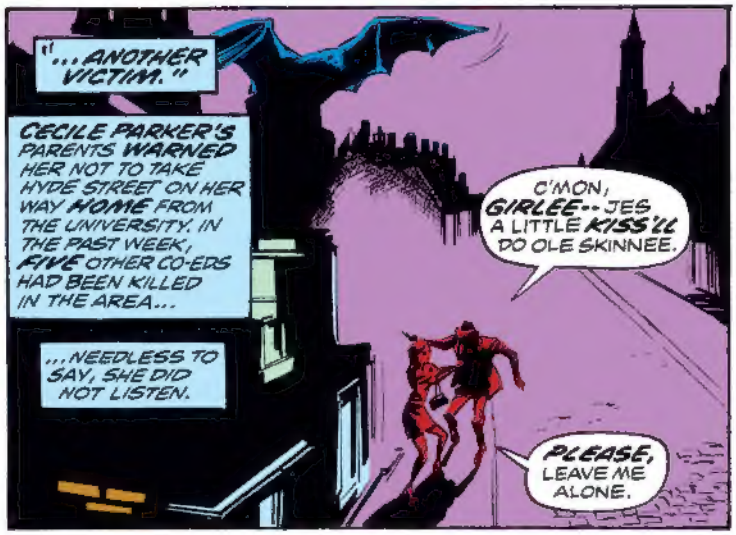
TO KILL A VAMPIRE!
EDITH HARKER IS DEAD.
DRACULA MURDERED HER, QUINCY HARKER, HER FATHER, THRUST THE FINAL STAKE, ENDING HER EXISTENCE AS ONE OF THE UNDEAD ALMOST BEFORE IT BEGAN.
AND FOR A LONG, VERY LONG MOMENT, ALL TIME SEEMS TO CEASE.

MARV WOLFMAN, WRITER | GENE COLAN, ARTIST | TOM PALMER, INKER | JOHN COSTANZA, letterer; TOM PALMER, colorist | ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

--I REMEMBER ONCE, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME AGO-- MY LORD, SHE WAS ONLY THREE OR FOUR, YET SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT MY WORK--
--SHE SAID "DADDY, I DON'T EVER WANT TO BECOME A VAMPIRE. PLEASE DON'T LET ME BECOME ONE."
AND I WOULD LAUGH AND TELL HER NOT TO WORRY, THAT I WOULD PROTECT HER ALWAYS.
OH, GOD-- OH, GOD.
THERE'S A TIME FOR MOURNING, HARKER--AND MAYBE FOR YOU IT'S NOW-- BUT DRACULA'S LOOSE, AND WHO KNOWS WHO ELSE HE MIGHT KILL TONIGHT.
NOW, I'M WILLIN' TO JOIN YOU PEOPLE, FOR AWHILE--IF WE DO IT MY WAY. UNDERSTAND?
JUST WAIT ONE BLASTED MINUTE, BLADE. WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE ORDERING AROUND? EDITH'S DEAD! MAYBE THAT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU--
--BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS--SHE WAS IMPORTANT TO US. GET THAT, BLADE--? TO US!!
SO IF YOU WANT TO DO ANYTHING, YOU DO IT OUR WAY-- OR YOU CAN JUST TAKE YOUR STINKING KNIVES AND STICK THEM WHERE IT HURTS.
LOOK WHO'S TALKIN', DRAKE--YOU'RE DESCENDED FROM DRACULA, AREN'T YOU? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT PLAYIN' BOTH SIDES?

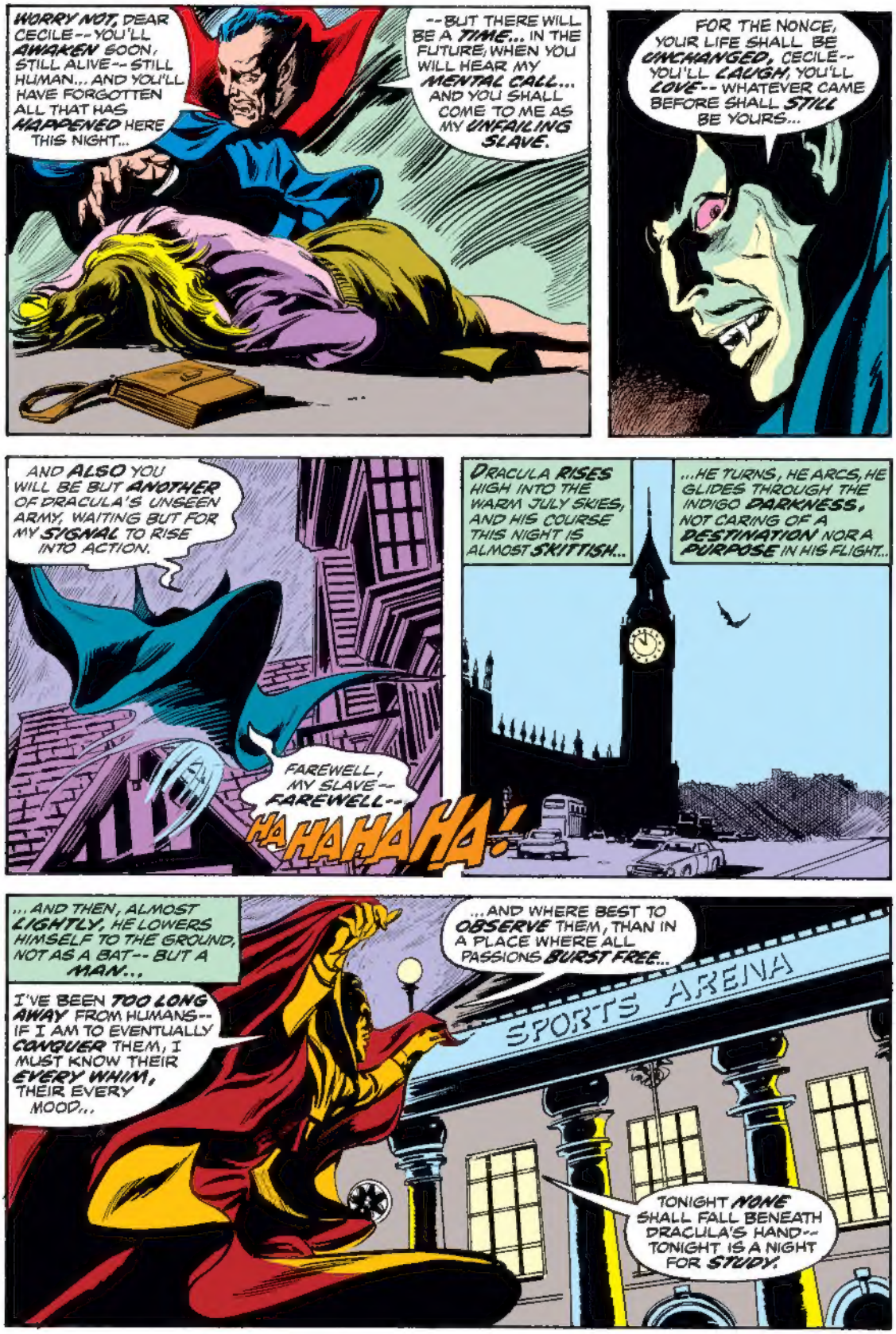

WHY, YOU LOUSY KNIFE-HAPPY MANIAC-- I OUGHT TO--
STOP IT, BOTH OF YOU. EDITH'S DEAD--THIS ISN'T THE TIME FOR FIGHTING.
LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT LAST CRACK, DRAKE--IT WAS OUTTA PLACE, I KNOW IT--
--BUT WHY NOT HAVE EDITH'S FUNERAL AND THEN GET BACK ON THE TRAIL, DIG?

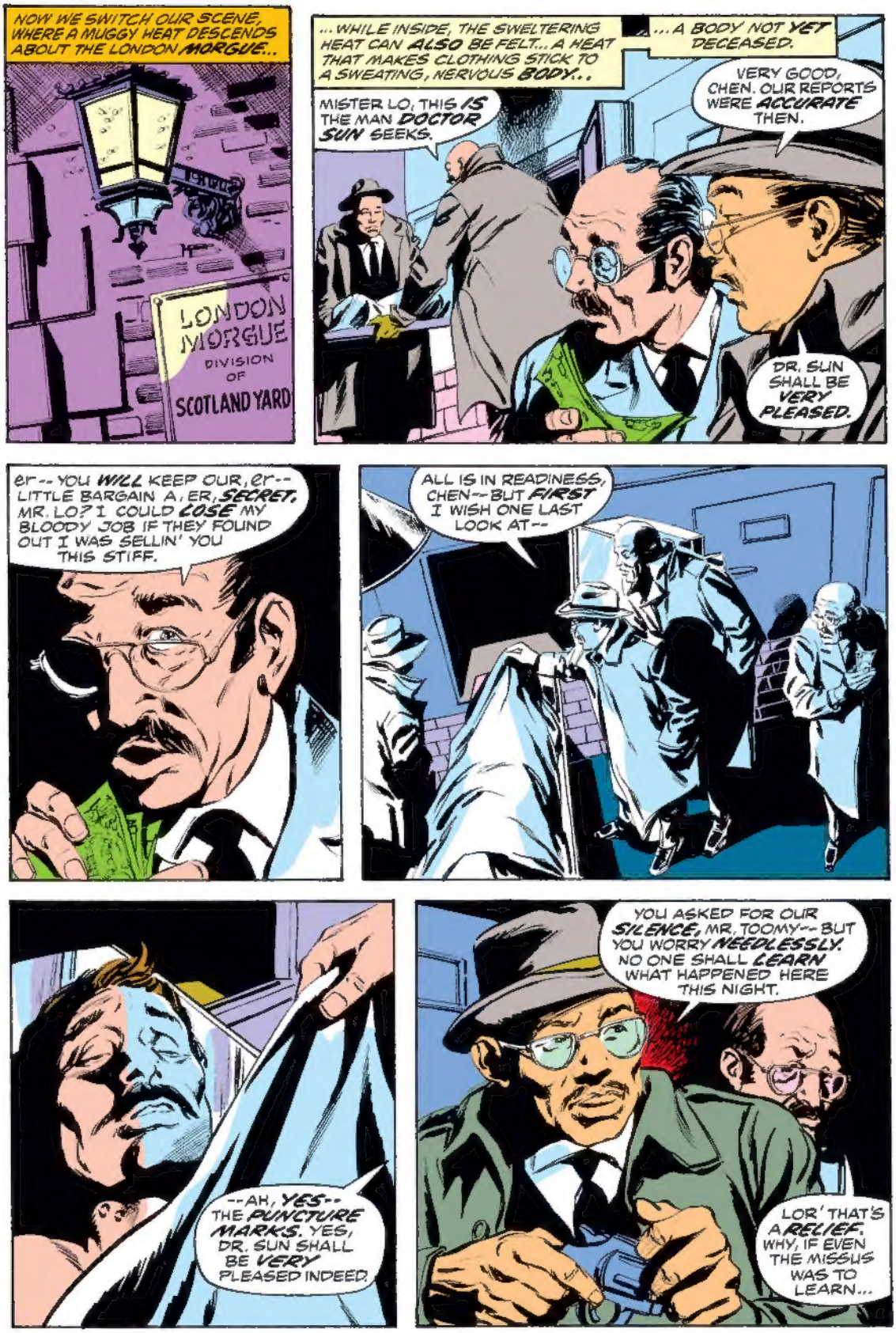
THERE'S TO BE NO FUNERAL, MR. BLADE. HER BODY WILL BE CREMATED AS IS THE PROCEDURE.
BUT YOU ARE RIGHT, THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. ALREADY DRACULA MAY HAVE FOUND..


"...ANOTHER VICTIM."
CECILE PARKER'S PARENTS WARNED HER NOT TO TAKE HYDE STREET ON HER WAY HOME FROM THE UNIVERSITY. IN THE PAST WEEK, FIVE OTHER CO-EDS HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE AREA...
...NEEDLESS TO SAY, SHE DID NOT LISTEN.
C'MON, GIRLEE--JES A LITTLE KISS'LL DO OLE SKINNEE.
PLEASE, LEAVE ME ALONE.

SURE, HONEY, AFTER YA GIMME A LITTLE KISS.
OLE SKINNEE SHORE BEEN LONELY THESE DAYS, KNOW WHAT I MEAN, GIRLEE?
GET AWAY-- OR I SWEAR I'LL SCREAM TILL SOMEONE COMES.

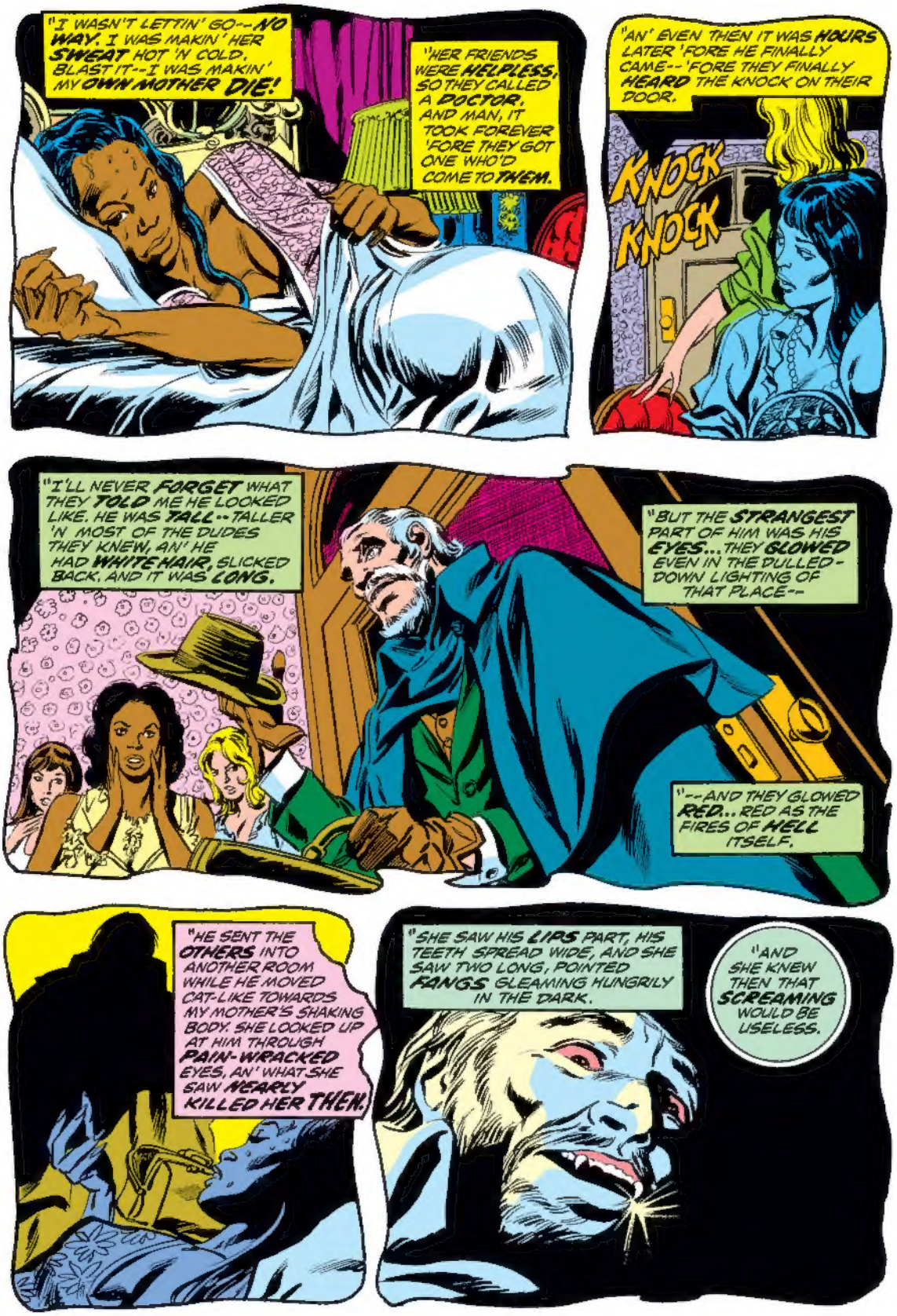
AH, A FEISTY ONE--NOT LIKE THE OTHERS... EH?
YOU'LL NOT HAVE TO SCREAM, WOMAN...
WHAT?
WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? I HEARD NOTHING!
...NOT WHILE DRACULA HAS COME TO SAVE YOU.
D-DRACULA?
SWISH!
CORRECT, DOLT--DRACULA--WHOSE VERY BLOOD CRAWLS AT THE SIGHT OF SCUM LIKE YOU.
YOU'LL NOT TOUCH THIS WOMAN, NOR ANY FEMALE AGAIN, YOU SIMPERING FOOL.
ACCHHH!
I THANK YOU--I, UHHHHH...
COME WITH ME, CECILE PARKER--YOUR NEW DESTINY AWAITS YOU.
COME--INTO MY ARMS.
EEEEEEEEEE!!!

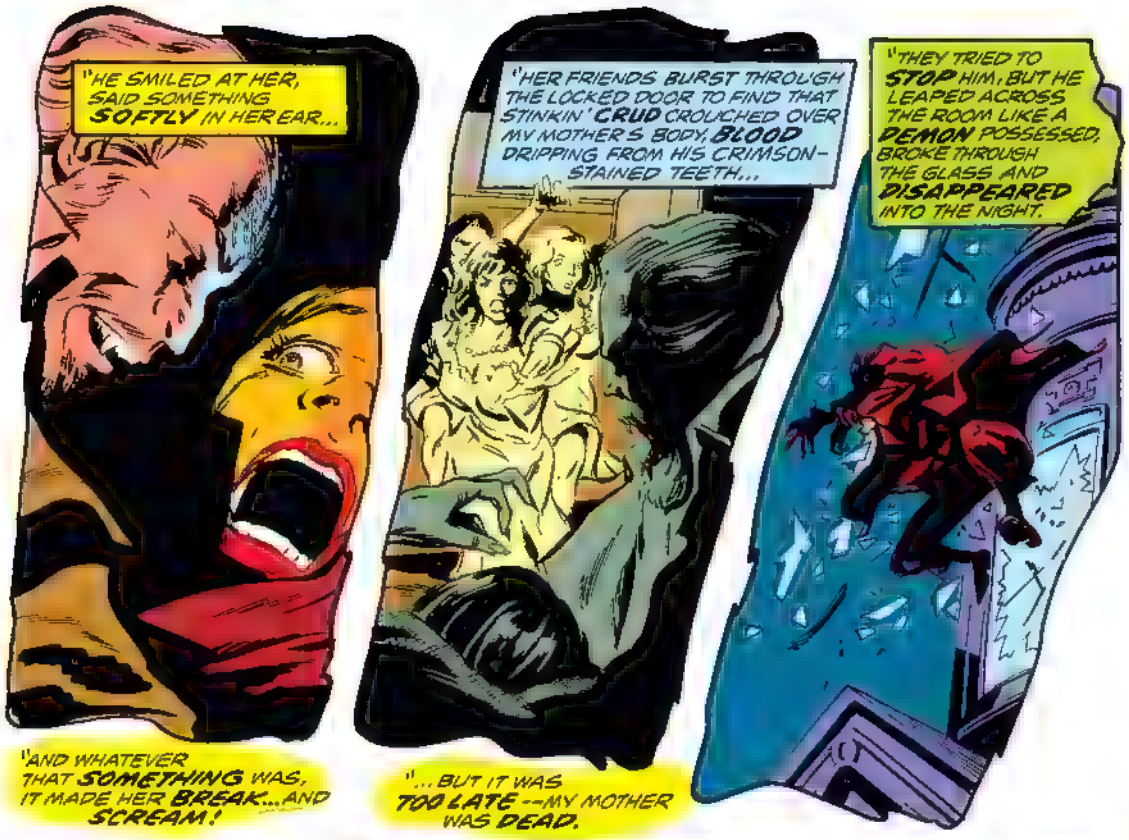

WORRY NOT, DEAR CECILE--YOU'LL AWAKEN SOON, STILL ALIVE--STILL HUMAN... AND YOU'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED HERE THIS NIGHT...
--BUT THERE WILL BE A TIME... IN THE FUTURE, WHEN YOU WILL HEAR MY MENTAL CALL... AND YOU SHALL COME TO ME AS MY UNFAILING SLAVE.
FOR THE NONCE, YOUR LIFE SHALL BE UNCHANGED, CECILE--YOU'LL LAUGH, YOU'LL LOVE--WHATEVER CAME BEFORE SHALL STILL BE YOURS...
AND ALSO YOU WILL BE BUT ANOTHER OF DRACULA'S UNSEEN ARMY, WAITING BUT FOR MY SIGNAL TO RISE INTO ACTION.
FAREWELL, MY SLAVE--FAREWELL--
HA HAHAHA!
DRACULA RISES HIGH INTO THE WARM JULY SKIES, AND HIS COURSE THIS NIGHT IS ALMOST SKITTISH...
...HE TURNS, HE ARCS, HE GLIDES THROUGH THE INDIGO DARKNESS, NOT CARING OF A DESTINATION NOR A PURPOSE IN HIS FLIGHT...
...AND THEN, ALMOST LIGHTLY, HE LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE GROUND, NOT AS A BAT--BUT A MAN...
I'VE BEEN TOO LONG AWAY FROM HUMANS--IF I AM TO EVENTUALLY CONQUER THEM, I MUST KNOW THEIR EVERY WHIM, THEIR EVERY MOOD...
...AND WHERE BEST TO OBSERVE THEM, THAN IN A PLACE WHERE ALL PASSIONS BURST FREE...
SPORTS ARENA
TONIGHT NONE SHALL FALL BENEATH DRACULA'S HAND--TONIGHT IS A NIGHT FOR STUDY.

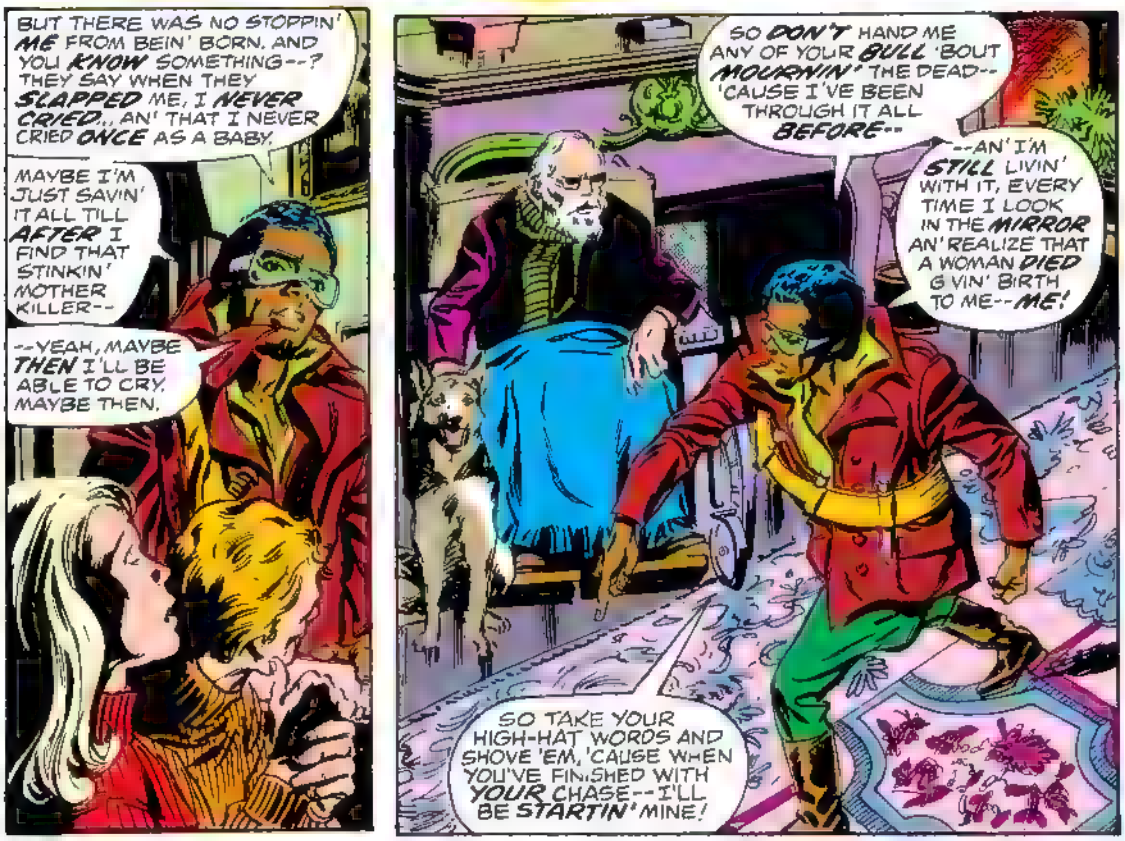

NOW WE SWITCH OUR SCENE, WHERE A MUGGY HEAT DESCENDS ABOUT THE LONDON MORGUE...
LONDON MORGUE
DIVISION OF
SCOTLAND YARD
...WHILE INSIDE, THE SWELTERING HEAT CAN ALSO BE FELT... A HEAT THAT MAKES CLOTHING STICK TO A SWEATING, NERVOUS BODY...
...A BODY NOT YET DECEASED.
MISTER LO, THIS IS THE MAN DOCTOR SUN SEEKS.
VERY GOOD, CHEN. OUR REPORTS WERE ACCURATE THEN.
DR. SUN SHALL BE VERY PLEASED.
er-- YOU WILL KEEP OUR, er-- LITTLE BARGAIN A; ER, SECRET, MR. LO? I COULD LOSE MY BLOODY JOB IF THEY FOUND OUT I WAS SELLIN' YOU THIS STIFF.
ALL IS IN READINESS, CHEN-- BUT FIRST I WISH ONE LAST LOOK AT--
--AH, YES-- THE PUNCTURE MARKS. YES, DR. SUN SHALL BE VERY PLEASED INDEED.
YOU ASKED FOR OUR SILENCE, MR. TOOMY-- BUT YOU WORRY NEEDLESSLY. NO ONE SHALL LEARN WHAT HAPPENED HERE THIS NIGHT.
LOR' THAT'S A RELIEF. WHY, IF EVEN THE MISSUS WAS TO LEARN...

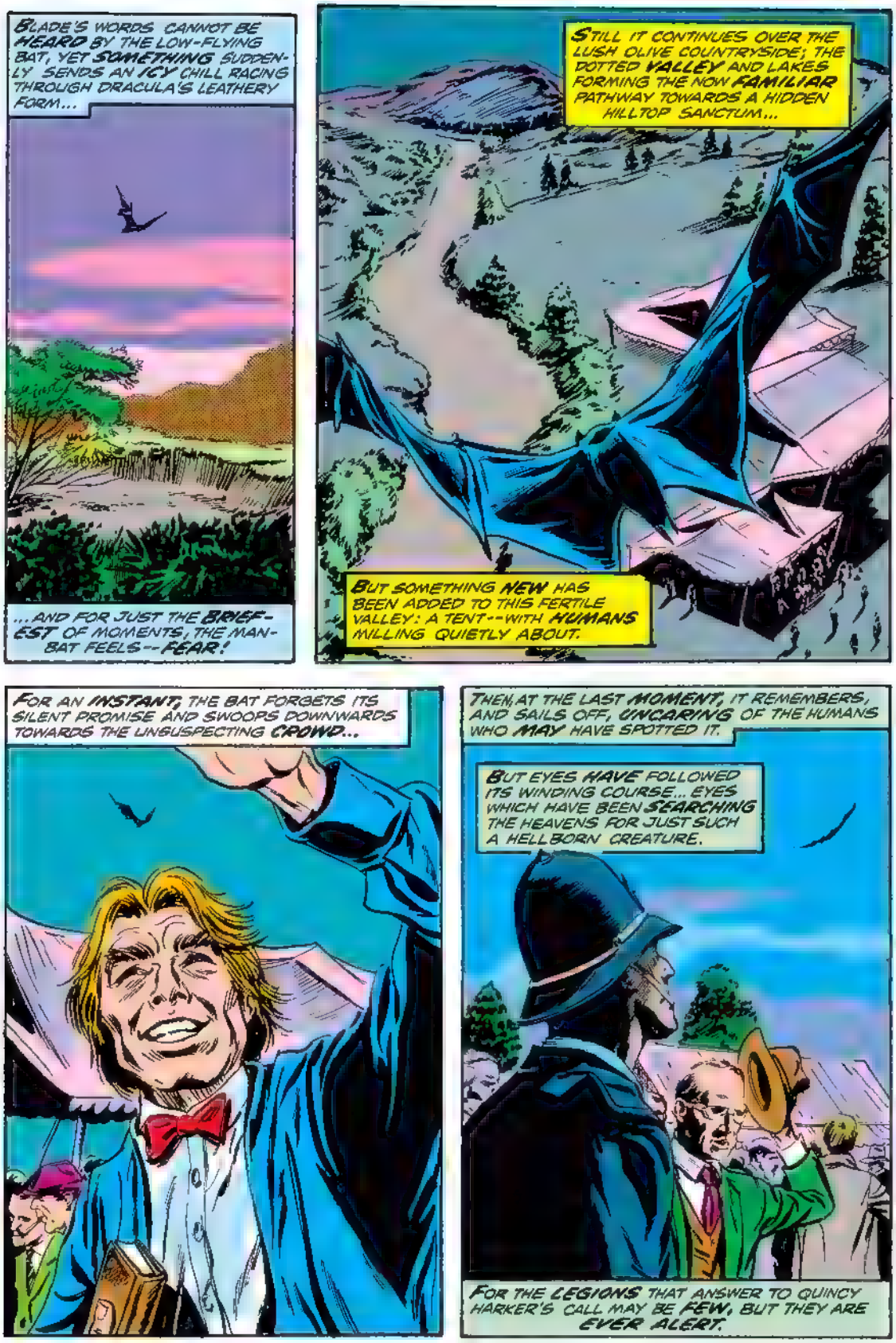
SHE WILL NOT LEARN ANYTHING, MR. TOOMY-- EXCEPT THAT SOMEHOW HER HUSBAND WAS MURDERED BY PERSONS UNKNOWN...
BAM!
...AND THAT HE DIED WITH ONLY A FEW PALTRY POUNDS IN HIS WALLET.
GOODNIGHT, MR. TOOMY. PLEASE REST IN PEACE.
CHEN, LIN-- COME. THE STENCH OF DECOMPOSING BODIES HERE IS SICKENING.
AGAIN WE SHIFT OUR SCENE-- BACK TO THE LORD OF DARKNESS.
HUMANS-- THEY CRY OUT FOR PEACE, THEN FILL THESE ARENAS OF VIOLENCE TO THEIR FULLEST CAPACITY.
ISLE 2
INDEED, THEY ARE FASCINATED BY BLOODSHED... MYSTIFIED BY THE VERY SAME BRUTALITY THEY CRUSADE SO PIOUSLY AGAINST.
NO LIVES ARE AT STAKE HERE--NOTHING IS GAINED BY THIS MEANINGLESS SPECTACLE. THERE IS NO PURPOSE FOR THIS MOCK BATTLE--
--INSTEAD, THIS WANTON WASTE DISGUSTS ME-- REVOLTS ME.

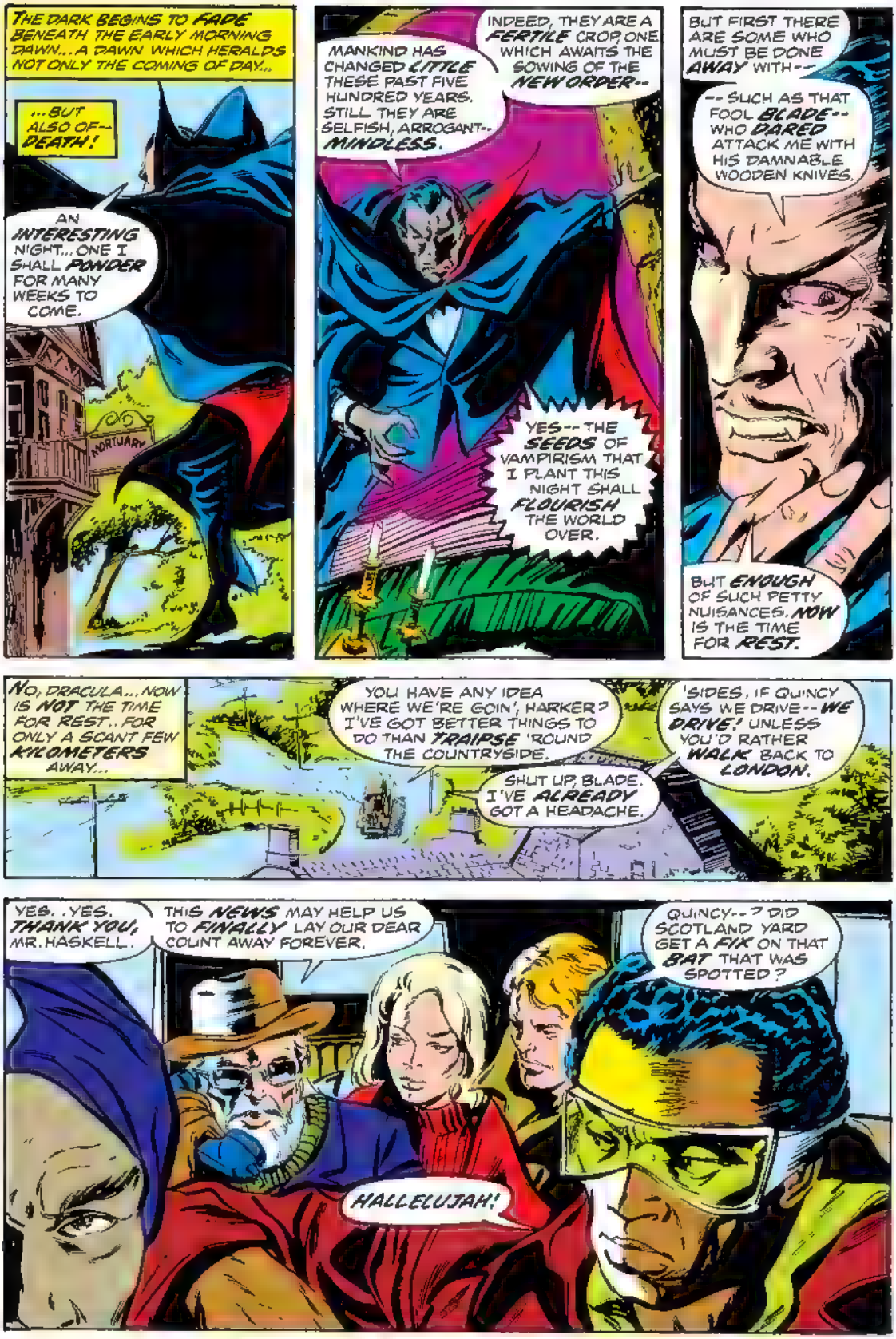
DRACULA LEAVES, FLYING HIGH INTO THE FOGGY SKIES OF LONDON, WHILE, ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF THAT VERY SAME CITY...
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, QUINCY?
WITH EDITH DEAD, HER ASHES PRE-SERVED WITHIN THAT PORCELAIN URN, WE MUST AGAIN BEGIN OUR SEARCH, MR. DRAKE.
TO WAIT ANY LONGER IS FOOLISH. TO AVOID ANOTHER CONFLICT WITH THAT FIEND IN THE NAME OF MOURNING THE DEAD IS A MISTAKE WE CAN NOT AFFORD.
AFTER HE IS SLAIN THERE WILL BE TIME ENOUGH FOR US TO MOURN THE DEAD.
FOR YOU MAYBE, OLD MAN. BUT IT WON'T BE OVER FOR ME.
NOT TILL I FIND THE STINKIN' BLOODSUCKER THAT KILLED MY MOTHER!
WHAT?
YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS CHASIN' VAMPIRES FOR MY HEALTH, DID YOU, DRAKE?
YOU SAID I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE SOMEONE-- MAN --I'M THE ORIGINAL LOSER!
"YEAH, IT BEGAN JUST BEFORE I WAS BORN--WITH MY MOTHER'S FRIENDS TAKIN' CARE OF HER AS SHE STARTED GOIN' INTA LABOR...
"SHE WAS CRYIN' OUT IN AGONY, 'CAUSE I WAS PROVIN' I WAS A TOUGH ONE--EVEN BACK THEN.

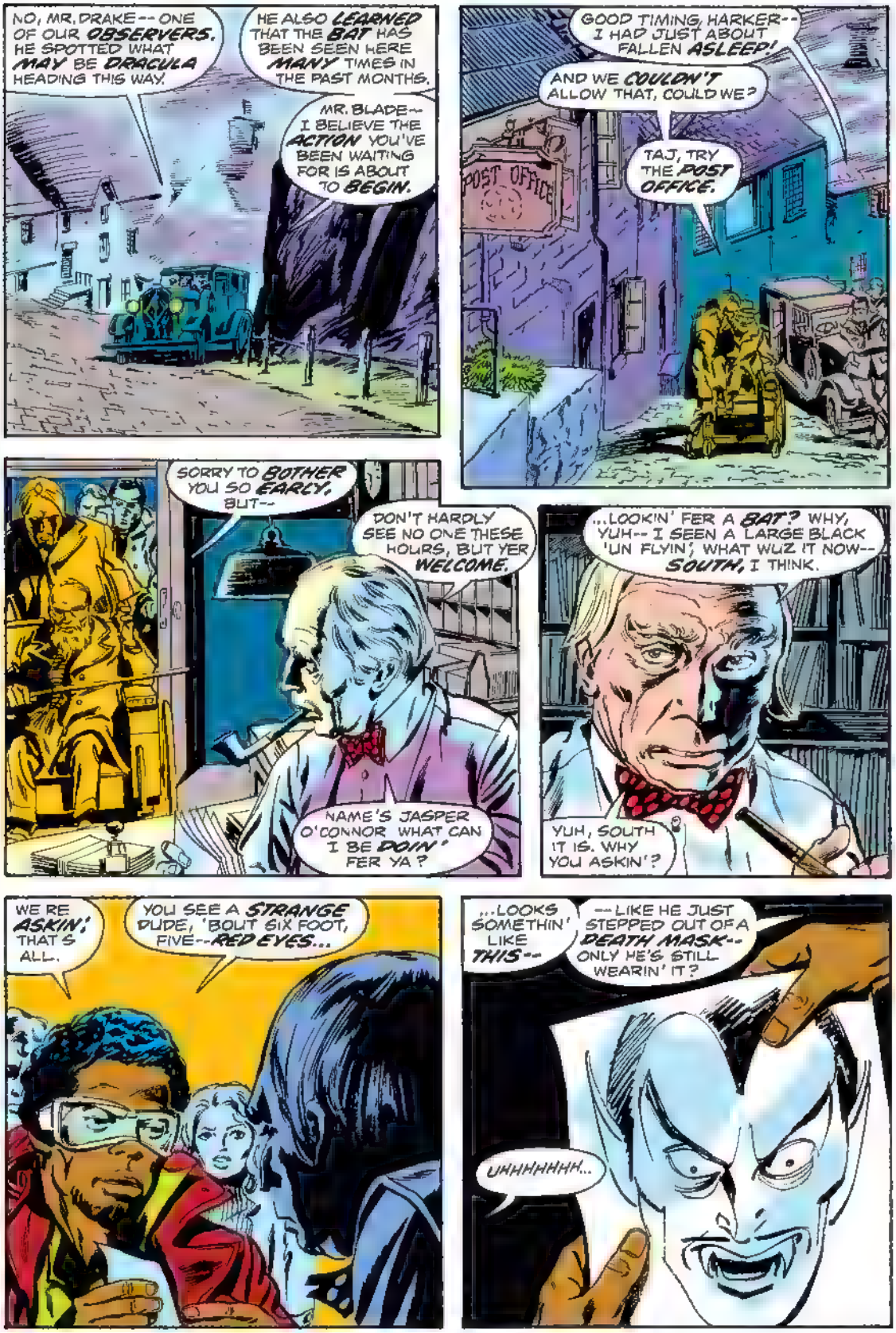

"I WASN'T LETTIN' GO--NO WAY. I WAS MAKIN' HER SWEAT HOT 'N COLD. BLAST IT--I WAS MAKIN' MY OWN MOTHER DIE!
"HER FRIENDS WERE HELPLESS, SO THEY CALLED A DOCTOR. AND MAN, IT TOOK FOREVER 'FORE THEY GOT ONE WHO'D COME TO THEM.
"AN' EVEN THEN IT WAS HOURS LATER 'FORE HE FINALLY CAME--'FORE THEY FINALLY HEARD THE KNOCK ON THEIR DOOR.
KNOCK KNOCK
"I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT THEY TOLD ME HE LOOKED LIKE. HE WAS TALL--TALLER 'N MOST OF THE DUDES THEY KNEW, AN' HE HAD WHITE HAIR, SLICKED BACK, AND IT WAS LONG.
"BUT THE STRANGEST PART OF HIM WAS HIS EYES...THEY GLOWED EVEN IN THE DULLED-DOWN LIGHTING OF THAT PLACE--
"--AND THEY GLOWED RED...RED AS THE FIRES OF HELL ITSELF.
"HE SENT THE OTHERS INTO ANOTHER ROOM WHILE HE MOVED CAT-LIKE TOWARDS MY MOTHER'S SHAKING BODY. SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM THROUGH PAIN-WRACKED EYES, AN' WHAT SHE SAW NEARLY KILLED HER THEN.
"SHE SAW HIS LIPS PART, HIS TEETH SPREAD WIDE, AND SHE SAW TWO LONG, POINTED FANGS GLEAMING HUNGRILY IN THE DARK.
"AND SHE KNEW THEN THAT SCREAMING WOULD BE USELESS.


"HE SMILED AT HER, SAID SOMETHING SOFTLY IN HER EAR...
"AND WHATEVER THAT SOMETHING WAS, IT MADE HER BREAK...AND SCREAM!
"HER FRIENDS BURST THROUGH THE LOCKED DOOR TO FIND THAT STINKIN' CRUD CROUCHED OVER MY MOTHER'S BODY, BLOOD DRIPPING FROM HIS CRIMSON-STAINED TEETH...
"...BUT IT WAS TOO LATE--MY MOTHER WAS DEAD.
"THEY TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT HE LEAPED ACROSS THE ROOM LIKE A DEMON POSSESSED, BROKE THROUGH THE GLASS AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE NIGHT.


BUT THERE WAS NO STOPPIN' ME FROM BEIN' BORN. AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING--? THEY SAY WHEN THEY SLAPPED ME, I NEVER CRIED... AN' THAT I NEVER CRIED ONCE AS A BABY.
MAYBE I'M JUST SAVIN' IT ALL TILL AFTER I FIND THAT STINKIN' MOTHER KILLER--
--YEAH, MAYBE THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO CRY. MAYBE THEN.
SO DON'T HAND ME ANY OF YOUR BULL 'BOUT MOURNIN' THE DEAD-- 'CAUSE I'VE BEEN THROUGH IT ALL BEFORE--
--AN' I'M STILL LIVIN' WITH IT, EVERY TIME I LOOK IN THE MIRROR AN' REALIZE THAT A WOMAN DIED GIVIN' BIRTH TO ME--ME!
SO TAKE YOUR HIGH-HAT WORDS AND SHOVE 'EM, 'CAUSE WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH YOUR CHASE--I'LL BE STARTIN' MINE!


BLADE'S WORDS CANNOT BE HEARD BY THE LOW-FLYING BAT, YET SOMETHING SUDDENLY SENDS AN ICY CHILL RACING THROUGH DRACULA'S LEATHERY FORM...
...AND FOR JUST THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS, THE MAN-BAT FEELS--FEAR!
STILL IT CONTINUES OVER THE LUSH OLIVE COUNTRYSIDE; THE DOTTED VALLEY AND LAKES FORMING THE NOW FAMILIAR PATHWAY TOWARDS A HIDDEN HILLTOP SANCTUM...
BUT SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED TO THIS FERTILE VALLEY: A TENT--WITH HUMANS MILLING QUIETLY ABOUT.
FOR AN INSTANT, THE BAT FORGETS ITS SILENT PROMISE AND SWOOPS DOWNWARDS TOWARDS THE UNSUSPECTING CROWD...
THEN, AT THE LAST MOMENT, IT REMEMBERS, AND SAILS OFF, UNCARING OF THE HUMANS WHO MAY HAVE SPOTTED IT.
BUT EYES HAVE FOLLOWED ITS WINDING COURSE... EYES WHICH HAVE BEEN SEARCHING THE HEAVENS FOR JUST SUCH A HELLBORN CREATURE.
FOR THE LEGIONS THAT ANSWER TO QUINCY HARKER'S CALL MAY BE FEW, BUT THEY ARE EVER ALERT.


THE DARK BEGINS TO FADE BENEATH THE EARLY MORNING DAWN... A DAWN WHICH HERALDS NOT ONLY THE COMING OF DAY...
...BUT ALSO OF-- DEATH!
AN INTERESTING NIGHT... ONE I SHALL PONDER FOR MANY WEEKS TO COME.
MORTUARY
MANKIND HAS CHANGED LITTLE THESE PAST FIVE HUNDRED YEARS. STILL THEY ARE SELFISH, ARROGANT-- MINDLESS.
INDEED, THEY ARE A FERTILE CROP, ONE WHICH AWAITS THE SOWING OF THE NEW ORDER..
YES-- THE SEEDS OF VAMPIRISM THAT I PLANT THIS NIGHT SHALL FLOURISH THE WORLD OVER.
BUT FIRST THERE ARE SOME WHO MUST BE DONE AWAY WITH--
-- SUCH AS THAT FOOL BLADE-- WHO DARED ATTACK ME WITH HIS DAMNABLE WOODEN KNIVES.
BUT ENOUGH OF SUCH PETTY NUISANCES. NOW IS THE TIME FOR REST.
NO, DRACULA... NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR REST.. FOR ONLY A SCANT FEW KILOMETERS AWAY...
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE WE'RE GOIN', HARKER? I'VE GOT BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN TRAIPSE 'ROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE.
SHUT UP, BLADE. I'VE ALREADY GOT A HEADACHE.
'SIDES, IF QUINCY SAYS WE DRIVE-- WE DRIVE! UNLESS YOU'D RATHER WALK BACK TO LONDON.
YES, . YES. THANK YOU, MR. HASKELL.
THIS NEWS MAY HELP US TO FINALLY LAY OUR DEAR COUNT AWAY FOREVER.
QUINCY-- ? DID SCOTLAND YARD GET A FIX ON THAT BAT THAT WAS SPOTTED ?
HALLELUJAH!


NO, MR. DRAKE -- ONE OF OUR OBSERVERS. HE SPOTTED WHAT MAY BE DRACULA HEADING THIS WAY.
HE ALSO LEARNED THAT THE BAT HAS BEEN SEEN HERE MANY TIMES IN THE PAST MONTHS.
MR. BLADE -- I BELIEVE THE ACTION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.
GOOD TIMING, HARKER -- I HAD JUST ABOUT FALLEN ASLEEP!
AND WE COULDN'T ALLOW THAT, COULD WE?
TAJ, TRY THE POST OFFICE.
POST OFFICE
SORRY TO BOTHER YOU SO EARLY, BUT--
DON'T HARDLY SEE NO ONE THESE HOURS, BUT YER WELCOME.
NAME'S JASPER O'CONNOR WHAT CAN I BE DOIN' FER YA?
...LOOKIN' FER A BAT? WHY, YUH -- I SEEN A LARGE BLACK 'UN FLYIN', WHAT WUZ IT NOW -- SOUTH, I THINK.
YUH, SOUTH IT IS. WHY YOU ASKIN'?
WE RE ASKIN', THAT'S ALL.
YOU SEE A STRANGE DUDE, 'BOUT SIX FOOT, FIVE -- RED EYES...
...LOOKS SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS --
-- LIKE HE JUST STEPPED OUT OF A DEATH MASK -- ONLY HE'S STILL WEARIN' IT?
UHHHHHHH...

...UHHHM...
...FOR A MOMENT, JASPER O'CONNER HESITATES, UNSURE OF HIS WORDS...HIS THOUGHTS...
THEN...
LOOK AT HIS EYES-- THEY'RE BLANK... GLAZED...
WE MUST BE CLOSE TO DRACULA. THIS MAN'S UNDER SOME SORT OF HYPNOSIS.
AND IF THAT MEANS WHAT I BELIEVE... THE COUNT MUST BE NEAR...
QUICKLY NOW... EVERY MOMENT WE WASTE GIVES DRACULA TIME TO ESCAPE.
BUT DRACULA HAS NO PLANS FOR LEAVING...
...RATHER, HIS DESIRE IS TO STAY... TO FIGHT...
...AND, AT LONG LAST--TO SLAY THE VAMPIRE SLAYERS!
SO, HARKER AND HIS STALWARTS HAVE FOUND ME...
VERY WELL THEN, MY LONG-TIME FOES-- WE SHALL MEET, AND BEFORE THIS NIGHT HAS FLED FOREVER--
--YOU SHALL ALL LIE DEAD AT THE FEET OF YOUR MASTER...
...DRACULA!!

BUT ALL MUST GO QUICKLY, FOR THE DAWN IS ONLY MINUTES AWAY, WHEN AGAIN I MUST REST IN THE SACRED EARTH OF MY HOMELAND.
SO COME THIS WAY... BE LED BY THE INSTINCTS I PLANT IN YOUR CHILDISH MINDS...
COME... COME TO YOUR DEATHS.
THEY APPROACH-- GOOD. FOR A MOMENT I FEARED THE COMING DAY MAY HAVE DIMINISHED MY MENTAL POWERS...
BUT, NO, THEY COME LIKE MOTHS DRAWN TO THEIR LAST FATAL FLAME.
HE'S INSIDE-- I FEEL IT HURRY NOW BEFORE HE VANISHES AGAIN.
HE MUSTN'T LIVE ONE EXTRA MOMENT-- HE'S GOT TO DIE NOW-- FOR EDITH--
HE'LL DIE, OLD MAN-- DON'T WORRY-- HE'LL DIE TONIGHT!

YOU BRAG TOO FREELY FOR A FOOL, BLADE.
IF ANY MUST DIE THIS NIGHT--IT SHALL BE YOU!
DON'T PLACE ANY BETS ON IT, FANGS--
'CAUSE I'M JUST NOT IN THE DYIN' MOOD.
BLADE-- WATCH OUT!
WHAT--?
SO YOU SEEK TO DISTRACT ME WITH ONE APPROACH, THEN ATTACK WITH ANOTHER--?
TWANG!
COMMENDABLE-- I HAD NOT SUSPECTED OUR DEAR MISS VAN HELSING HAD YET ENTERED THIS ROOM.
BUT IT SHALL DO NO GOOD-- FOR ALL YOUR ARROWS ARE USELESS AGAINST ME--
--AS USELESS AS YOUR IDIOT KNIVES SHALL SOON BE--WHEN YOU ARE DEAD IN YOUR MOULDERING GRAVE.
STILL YOU ATTACK, YOU MINDLESS CLOD?
HAVEN'T YOU REALIZED YOU'VE MET YOUR MASTER?
HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THAT YOU CAN NOT DEFEAT DRACULA?

BUT THEN, WHAT YOU SEE OR BELIEVE MATTERS LITTLE IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS, BLADE--
AGHHHH!
ALL THAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT DRACULA HAS LIVED 500 YEARS-- AND SHALL NEVER BE DEFEATED BY ONE SUCH AS YOU!

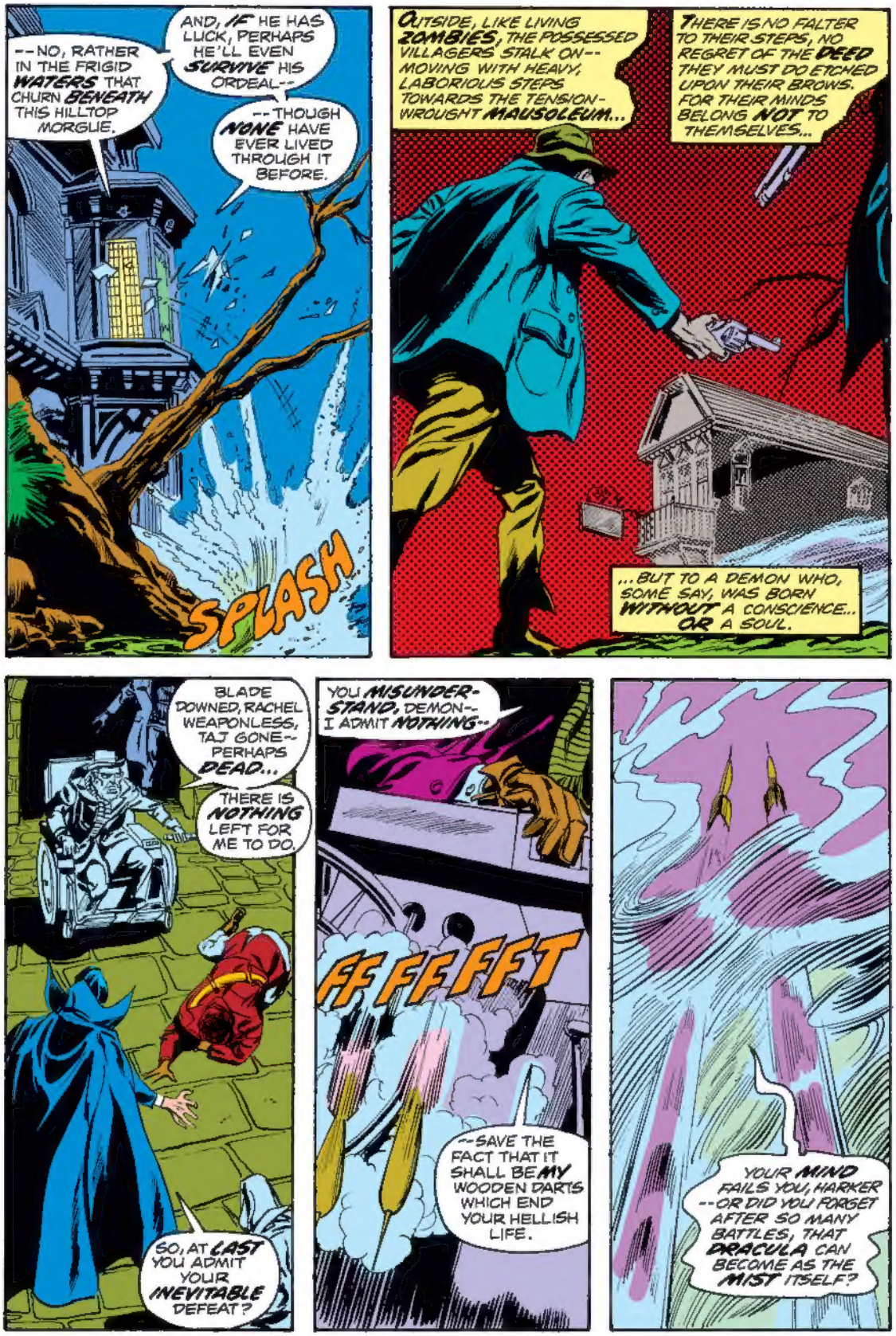
BLADE SINKS UNCONSCIOUS AGAINST THE WALL OF THE OLD STONE BUILDING, WHILE SCANT METERS AWAY, OTHERS BEGIN A SILENT MARCH TOWARDS THAT VERY SAME STRUCTURE...
THEY MOVE QUIETLY, THEIR MINDS STOLEN BY ONE WHO ALREADY POSSESSED THEM MANY MONTHS BEFORE, AND NOW, NEEDING THEIR ASSISTANCE, CALLS THEM ONCE AGAIN TO HIS COMMAND.

GUNS COCKED, KNIVES BARED, THEY LUMBER, HYPNOTICALLY, TOWARDS THEIR MURDEROUS GOAL...

WHILE...
LONG HAVE I WAITED, VAN HELSING, FOR THE MOMENT WHEN MY FANGS WOULD DRINK DEEPLY OF YOUR WARM, RICH BLOOD--
BUT WAIT--! YOUR FOOLISH PROTECTOR COMES TO SAVE YOU..!

STRANGE--SINCE HE NEEDS SAVING HIMSELF.
HA HA HA HA
PUT HIM DOWN, DRACULA-- PUT HIM DOWN!

OF COURSE, MY DEAR-- THAT WAS ALWAYS MY INTENTION..
I'LL PUT HIM DOWN--BUT NOT ON THIS CONCRETE FLOOR--


--NO, RATHER IN THE FRIGID WATERS THAT CHURN BENEATH THIS HILLTOP MORGUE.
AND, IF HE HAS LUCK, PERHAPS HE'LL EVEN SURVIVE HIS ORDEAL--
--THOUGH NONE HAVE EVER LIVED THROUGH IT BEFORE.
SPLASH
OUTSIDE, LIKE LIVING ZOMBIES, THE POSSESSED VILLAGERS STALK ON-- MOVING WITH HEAVY, LABORIOUS STEPS TOWARDS THE TENSION-WROUGHT MAUSOLEUM...
THERE IS NO FALTER TO THEIR STEPS, NO REGRET OF THE DEED THEY MUST DO ETCHED UPON THEIR BROWS. FOR THEIR MINDS BELONG NOT TO THEMSELVES...
...BUT TO A DEMON WHO, SOME SAY, WAS BORN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE... OR A SOUL.
BLADE DOWNED, RACHEL WEAPONLESS, TAJ GONE-- PERHAPS DEAD...
THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR ME TO DO.
SO, AT LAST YOU ADMIT YOUR INEVITABLE DEFEAT?
YOU MISUNDERSTAND, DEMON-- I ADMIT NOTHING--
FFFFFFT
--SAVE THE FACT THAT IT SHALL BE MY WOODEN DARTS WHICH END YOUR HELLISH LIFE.
YOUR MIND FAILS YOU, HARKER --OR DID YOU FORGET AFTER SO MANY BATTLES, THAT DRACULA CAN BECOME AS THE MIST ITSELF?

THAT, AS SUCH, YOUR WEAPONS FLY HARMLESSLY THROUGH ME?
BUT YOU NEED WORRY NOT OF YOUR INSANITY OR YOUR LIFE-- FOR AS I FORSAKE THIS INTANGIBLE FORM, I COME TOWARDS YOU--
--TO FINALLY END YOUR LIFE-- NOW--NOW--
NO!
LOOK!
MOTHER OF MINE--
I'VE FINALLY DONE IT--
I'VE KILLED DRACULA!
NEXT: THE FINAL DEATH!